

Academy Herald.



COMPLIMENTS OF

EASTMAN & ANDREWS

THE LEADERS IN

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS,
SHOES AND GENT'S FURNISHINGS

South Paris, Maine

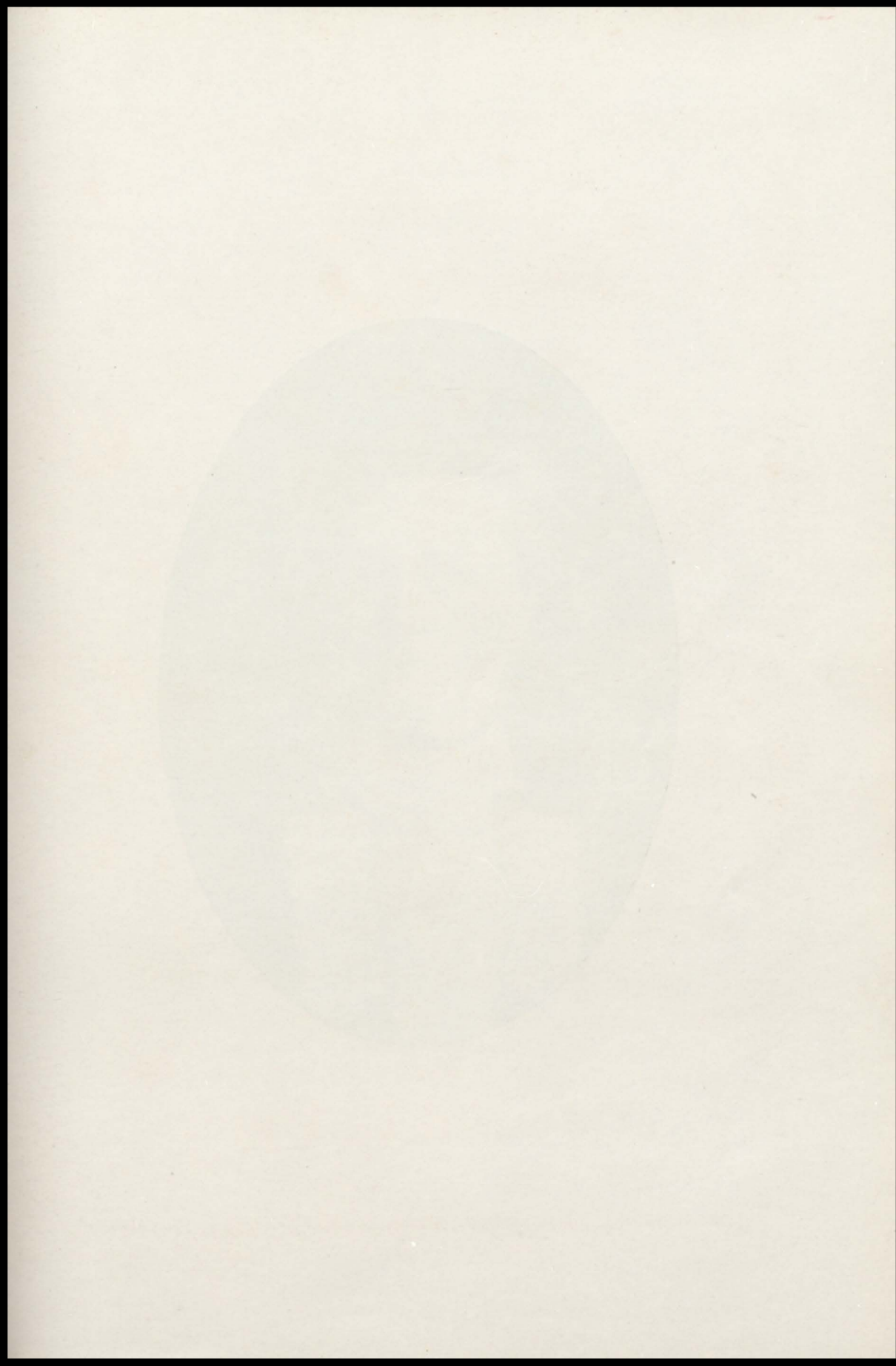
**Christmas Greeting
To You All**

I shall appreciate a call from you, to inspect my Christmas
Stock which was never more complete, consisting of

**Watches, Clocks, Jewelry
Cut Glass and Silverware**

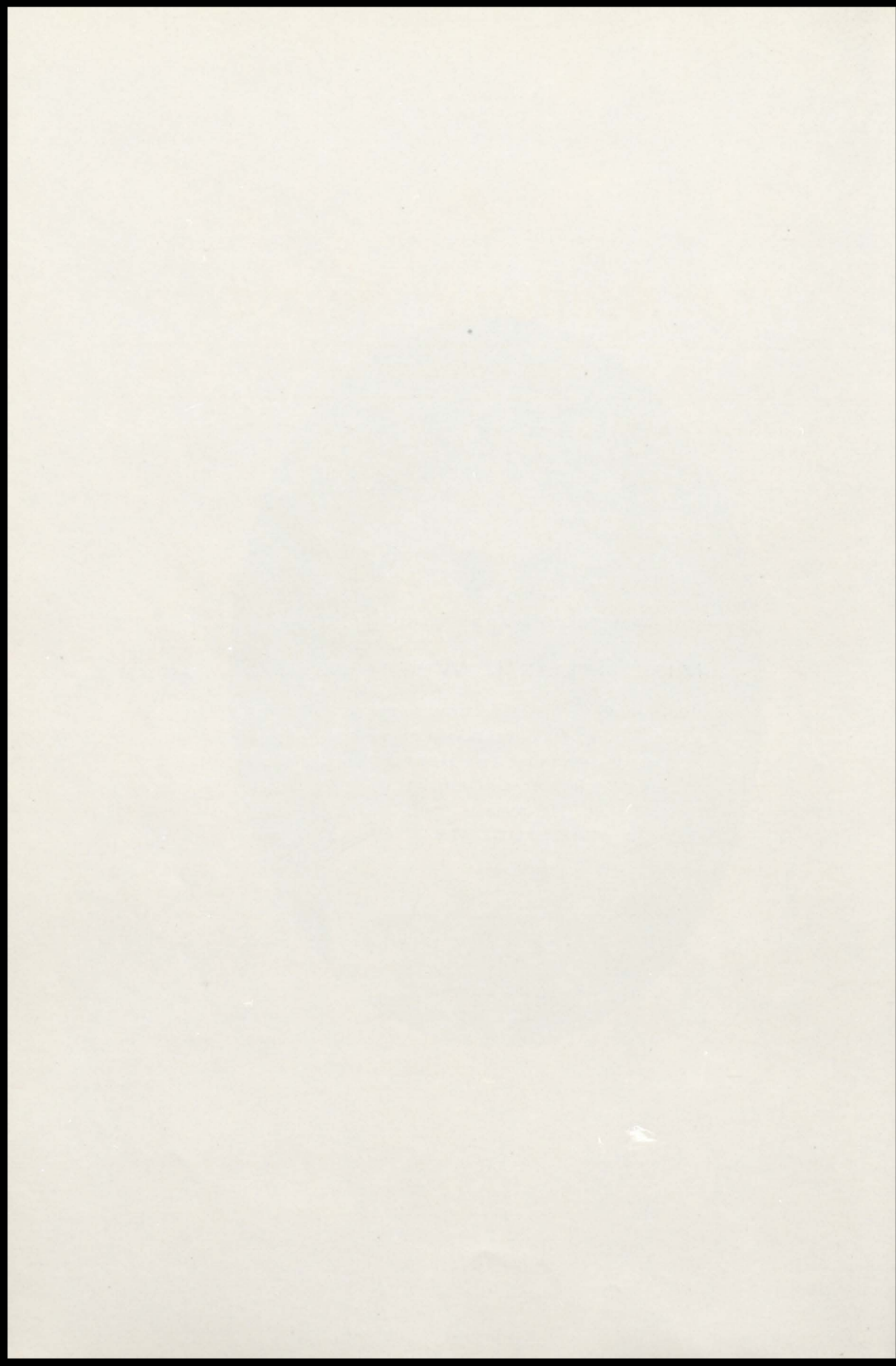
Fancy China Dishes, Chocolate Sets, Stationery,
Leather Goods, Toys of All Kinds for the Children,
Fancy Goods, Handkerchiefs, Largest Line in Town.

Edward P. Lyon
Bethel, Maine





TO
OUR TEACHER AND FRIEND,
MISS NELLIE L. WHITMAN
WHOM TO KNOW IS TO LOVE, AND TO
LOVE IS TO BE ELEVATED AND INSPIRED.
THIS NUMBER OF THE HERALD IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY
THE STUDENTS.



The Academy Herald

VOL. XX,

BETHEL, MAINE, DECEMBER, 1915.

NO. 1.

THE ACADEMY HERALD

Devoted to the Interest of
GOULD'S ACADEMY

Published by the Students at the end of the
Fall and Winter Terms.

TERMS:

20 cents per Copy. 40 cents per Year.
Subscriptions should be addressed to the
Business Manager.

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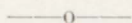
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At the present time there is much talk of "preparedness." As students we ought to be thinking on this subject. For what kind of life are we preparing? Are we making ourselves the kind of men and women who will be wanted in the world when we are through school? It is not so much what subjects we have studied but what we have learned and how we have learned them that will count. If we form the habit of doing our work thoroughly and promptly, these characteristics will follow us in business. If we skip the hard part and forget to hand in our written work on time, we shall find ourselves unable to meet the difficulties of life—for they cannot be skipped. The boy or girl, man or woman, who is late at the office will soon be looking for another job. There are too many efficient people being turned out of school every

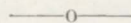
year for employers to bother with the careless or inefficient. If there is one thing that creates a more favorable impression than another it is being always promptly on hand when wanted. Prepare to be that sort of person by being on time while in school.



Were it permissible to preach in an editorial we should be tempted to present a sermon on thoughtlessness. It masquerades under many names, such as carelessness, inattention, discourtesy, flippancy, but in reality is a parasite feeding entirely upon the reputation of the person who is guilty of the misconduct. We are all acquainted with the boy who struts, hands in pockets, past a lady of his acquaintance on the street, not even interrupting his whistle to return her cordial "Good Morning," certainly never deigning to remove his hands to touch his cap. We know the girl who thoughtlessly holds up a class for five minutes while she goes to bring her book,—the very book she forgot to bring to class yesterday, and the day before. Her closest friend is always about five minutes late to school,—usually arriving in time to interrupt prayers. The braggart, the flirt, the clown, the gum-chewer, the idler, so-called sport, all are of the same family, brothers and sisters all. They are guilty of taking the time of others and are thieves.

Strangely enough, however, these same people are usually the best-hearted people in all our circle of acquaint-

tance. Let one of these reform and become a person thoughtful for others and he is a jewel; it seems as if he is making up for lost time. But as long as he will not think of the comfort and rights of his fellows he is of use to us only as an example of what we must not do. The man who takes the single word, "Unselfishness," for his motto, and lives up to all that he believes it means, is casting his character in a mold which will produce a piece to fit in the machinery of any situation in life in which he may find himself.



An event of unusual interest to the boys of Gould's Academy, and to the citizens of Bethel in general, was the third annual meeting of the Oxford County Boys' Conference, which convened in Bethel, Dec. 3rd, 4th and 5th, a full report of which is given elsewhere in this issue. Gould's Academy was well represented in this conference, nearly thirty of her boys being registered as delegates. The whole conference was inspiring and helpful in an unusual degree, and we believe no thoughtful boy could attend this series of meetings without catching a new vision of life and its meaning. It augurs well for the future of Oxford County when her sturdy boys will come together in a convention like this to consider those things which pertain, not only to the mind and the body, but what is of far more lasting importance to the spirit.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Woman suffrage is one of the greatest political questions of today. It is occupying the attention of people throughout the whole civilized world, and is making most remarkable progress. Twenty years ago New Zealand granted full suffrage to women, and at the present time a leading man of that country states that in these twenty years with woman's ballot, the nation has become both prosperous and progressive. Also, in the continent of Australia woman stands on an equality with man. Here are nine hundred thousand women voting with men and it is said that no nation has higher, purer, better laws and government than Australia.

But let us now turn our attention to the United States and consider the progress of this great movement in our own land. Today nine states, namely, Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming, have granted full suffrage to women, and in several other states they vote on school questions. In every case equal suffrage is an unqualified success. Socially, it has resulted in a more chivalrous regard for women and an unquestioned acknowledgment of their equality with man. Politically, its influence has been on the side of peace at the polls and the selection of better officials, resulting in a higher honesty of administration. In fact, a representative of an equal suffrage state recently said, "We would no more think of eliminating women from our electorate than we would of surrendering the charter of our beloved commonwealth."

Since equal suffrage is so wonderfully successful in those places where it has already been introduced, we naturally wonder why it is not universally

adopted. And why is it not? It is because the vicious and criminal vote is always cast solidly against equal rights for women. It is because all those who thrive upon the violation of the law in any way or upon corruption in politics are the bitterest enemies of woman suffrage. It is because every gambler, every ballot-box stuffer, every saloon-keeper, every professional debaucher of the public moral, and every variety of crook in the world is viciously and desperately opposed to women being enfranchised and they never cease exhausting their vocabularies cursing woman suffrage. These are they who oppose equal rights for women. Do you wish to be classed with these depraved, these disreputable villains, these demons of corruption and crime?

And now let us, for a moment, consider some of the stock arguments against woman suffrage, such as its alleged unfortunate effect upon the home and family. In regard to this, a prominent lawyer and politician of an equal suffrage state recently said that in over twenty years of active participation in politics, he had never heard or known of an instance in which political difficulties between the husband and wife had led to any disagreements of weight or moment, also, that no complaint had ever reached him, from any source, that political activities had caused any woman to neglect other duties. Neglect other duties, indeed! Does a physician neglect his patients, a lawyer his clients, or a minister his theology, for politics? Emphatically no! Then what reason have we to believe that the home will suffer when woman receives the ballot?

As to the other popular argument of the "Antis," namely, that political conditions will not be bettered by equal suffrage because women as a class are no better than men, let us consider the

following facts. There is one woman convicted of crime to one hundred and three men, and one drunken woman to a thousand drunken men. Women, therefore, are morally far superior to men.

We have now considered the two strongest arguments against equal rights and, I hope, begin to realize something of their insignificance. As William Dean Howells has so truly said, "There are arguments, but no reasons against equal suffrage."

On the other hand in favor of the issue, there are both arguments and reasons, one of which we will now consider. In the city of Portland lives one of the richest women of the state, and she cannot vote as to the taxing of her property, which amounts to thousands of dollars a year. She has no husband to have any voice in it, but her coachman or her gardener, an Italian who has been in this country only a short time can vote away her property without knowing one thing about the method of government. Is this justice? No, it is nothing more or less than taxation without representation. The very principle in defense of which the Declaration of Independence was written and the great Revolutionary War fought. Then, after the struggle was ended, men sat down to construe that declaration and decided that the passage, "all men were created equal," did not include all women but that it did include the African slave. They said that because he was a male, he was entitled to freedom and the ballot. And then came a bloody war, in which men and brothers fought for the rights of men. And when it was ended, and the African was free, there came the question of the ballot, and the immortal Lincoln said: "I go for sharing all privileges of government with those who assist in bearing its burdens; therefore I am for admitting all whites to the suffrage who

pay taxes or bear burdens, by no means excluding females." But other men thought that because she was a woman she was not the equal in intelligence and morality with the African, and they gave the ballot and full suffrage to the low, degraded slave with the burden of centuries of vice and ignorance upon him, because he was a male.

Oh, how we like to say as did the great Lincoln, "Government of the people, for the people and by the people." But it is not a government of the people; it is a government by only one-half the people. Thus is one third of the intelligence and more than half the virtue of our land excluded from the ballot-box. And why? Certainly if physical strength and brute force is to be the test of citizenship, the ballot should be limited to the negro race. If to be a fighter entitles a person to vote, then Jack Johnson should alone have the ballot and some of our college professors should be disfranchised. But voting is a mental act which does not require physical qualification, and no one denies woman's mental fitness for the ballot. They permit the lame, the halt and the blind to go to the ballot-box. They permit the foreigner and the black man, the slave and the free man to partake of the suffrage. There is only one left out and that is woman,—woman, that is put lower than the slave, lower than the ignorant foreigner. She is placed among the paupers whom the law will not allow to vote, among the aliens and the criminals, and the lunatics and the idiots and the insane whom the law deprives of their vote.

But this unjust and deplorable condition will not long continue. Already, hundreds of noble, broad-minded men, free from the prejudice of the centuries, are earnestly pleading for justice to womanhood. Nor are their efforts in vain. For the day of woman's tri-

umph is at hand. Nearly a hundred years ago, Tennyson, the poet prophet of England, said this:

“The woman’s cause is man’s; they sink or rise,

Together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free,
Yet in the long years, liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,

Self-reverent each, and reverencing each;

Distinct in individualities,

But like each other, as those who love.

Then springs the crowning race of human kind;

Then reign the world’s great bridals, chaste and calm;

Then comes the statelier Eden back to man.”

M. S. P., '17.

THE HERMITAGE.

Phillis was alone this evening for her aunt, Mrs. Ashburn, had been invited out to tea. Taking her guitar she stole quietly out to the garden. For a while she sat motionless, thinking over her past life at the Ashburn homestead.

After her father’s death, six years before, she had come to live with her aunt. At first there seemed to be a strong barrier between the aunt and niece, but after a time Phillis awakened a new spirit in her aunt, and to her surprise had found her a very near and dear friend.

The light from the moon, peeping over the old wall, suddenly recalled her from her dream. She picked up her neglected guitar and began to play softly upon it.

The stately old wall that bordered the garden on the north side, separated

the Ashburn homestead from a small but cozy cottage. In this tiny cottage Lauris Gray lived with his widowed mother.

Lauris’ father had died when he was but a boy and since then Lauris had been the sole support of his mother. He had managed, by constant perseverance and years of hard work, to secure for himself an education which had fitted him for no mean position in the world. Could he but find an opening, he was sure that he could make good. But that opening was slow in coming, and now, two years after his college course was finished, he was still in this little country town earning a meager living for himself and mother by writing an occasional article for a newspaper or magazine.

On this particular evening, after making his mother comfortable for her usual nap, he strolled out on the porch for his evening smoke. He had just lighted his pipe, when the soft, low sounds of a guitar, floated over the wall from the neighboring garden. After a moment of deep thought he quickly climbed over the wall and stood before the girl he loved.

To night he must bid her good bye.

They talked of common place things for a while, and then he broached lightly upon the subject so often discussed between them, that of Lauris’ intended departure from home. “I do wish you wouldn’t spoil this evening with that tiresome talk of leaving home,” said Phillis, “we just couldn’t get along without you and think how lonely it would be here!” Quickly she noticed her mistake and added, “You know it would be so lonely for your mother.”

Lauris also noticed the mistake. Could Phillis care for him?

How he longed to tell her that he loved her, but he never could so long as she was rich and he so poor. This

train of thought was interrupted by the sound of approaching carriage wheels.

"I must go and meet my aunt for she will expect me," said Phillis. "Will you come, or wait here?"

"I can do neither," he replied, "for I must go right back. Phil, I came over to tell you that I am determined to make a try for something worth while, and to say good bye."

For once in her life Phillis Ashburn was at a loss for words.

Eagerly he clasped her hands and whispered as if he was afraid to hear himself speak, "Phil, promise that you will not forget your chum and that you will wait for me."

Then again he saw himself, only a poor boy, begging the hand of a wealthy girl. Quickly he dropped her hands and fled, without even waiting to hear her reply.

Slowly the meaning of Lauris' words dawned upon her as she walked from the garden, down the soft green lawn to meet her aunt.

When Lauris returned home he set himself to work packing his trunk, so as to be off on the early morning train. He could not trust himself to see Phillis again. What must she think of him after tonight? He had already told his mother of his plan to go to the city to try to get a place in the law office of his chum's father.

The following day was a busy one for Phillis, and she had no time to go to the garden, but in the evening she went out again, as she had done the night before, and played upon her guitar, and waited. Suddenly the thought came to her that he might have gone. She must know at once, so she climbed upon the wall, from which she could get a good view of the house. Through a window, the curtains of which were drawn, she could see Mrs. Gray reading alone at the

fireside. Then she realized that Lauris was gone, and at the same time knew that she loved him.

Each day Phillis watched for a letter from Lauris and wondered why he did not write. Little could she realize of the hard fight he was making not to write to her, for Lauris Gray believed that, not until he had gained success would he have the right to try to win her.

Mrs. Ashburn was not feeling well and this worried Phillis, not a little. One cold winter morning Phillis left her aunt to enjoy herself reading, and began doing her morning work. She was startled by a sharp cry from her aunt, and running to her, found her dead.

The lawyers found Mrs. Ashburn's property in a bad state and Phillis was made to realize that after the affairs were settled she would be penniless and without the home to which she had become so dearly attached.

Clayton Ashburn, Phillis' uncle, had been a young man of whom great things were expected but for some unaccountable reason he had chosen to withdraw himself from civilization and forsake his promising career at the close of his college course and was now living alone out of touch with his relatives and friends. But news of his sister's death reached him and he learned of the wretched state of her financial affairs and he came forward at this time to take Phillis to his hermitage.

(To be concluded.)

A TOAST.

Here's to the lad who reads his own Herald,
And reads his Herald alone,
For many a lad read another lad's Herald
When he ought to be reading his own.

MY WINTER IN THE LOGGING CAMP.

I had graduated in June from Portland High School with one chief ambition. I wished to go to college the following year. My uncle offered to provide the necessary funds on one condition, that condition being that I should earn a hundred dollars during the winter.

I sought for employment at all the business houses in Portland but no work was I able to find. Day after day the same story would greet me, "Hard Times!" As the weeks went by I grew discouraged as my prospect of entering college the next year seemed farther and farther away.

One morning as I was thinking of my hard lot, I remembered the Lumbermen's Employment Agencies. It seemed my last chance, so accordingly I went to the Agencies' office. The manager was a kind, grey-headed gentleman and soon I found myself telling him all my troubles and ambitions.

After I had finished, he smilingly said, "My boy, don't worry about college. I will send you where you can earn enough money. If you still wish to work, apply here tomorrow at eight o'clock, prepared to be gone until spring."

I thanked him and went away. It seemed too good to be true. He had said if I still wished to work, to apply in the morning. Well, I would show him that I was in earnest. I went home and packed what articles I considered necessary and at the allotted hour the next morning, I presented myself at the office of the agency.

The manager looked up as I entered and smilingly said, "Good morning. I didn't expect to ever see you again, but if you are still in earnest, take this paper which will serve as a pass

on the railroad and at the hotel."

He then gave me a letter of introduction and complete directions, which would enable me to find the logging camp to which he had decided to send me for the winter.

An hour later I found myself on the train leaving Portland. I transferred at Mechanic Falls and arrived at Oquossoc late in the evening. I stayed over night at a hotel paying for my lodging by showing my pass, and early the next morning with my bundle over my shoulder I began to cross the six mile lake which was then covered with a thick layer of dark ice. After this was traversed there remained only three miles to the camp. This I quickly covered, and the camp which I had imagined to be like a small village, I found to consist of only a few small log cabins.

Approaching I saw a jolly-faced Irish cook who wore a white cap and apron and who, after inquiring my name and business, invited me into the cook room until the men should come to dinner. I curiously followed him into a neat cabin which was a surprise, as outside the building all the surrounding land seemed to be used as a rubbish heap. He introduced me to his three assistants or cookees and I was soon freely conversing with the youngest of these, a boy of about my age.

In a short time shouts, hearty laughs and the sounds of many bells were heard and a few minutes later into the dining cabin filed the crew of a hundred men. These men were of all sizes and nationalities. They quietly filed in and took their places on the long splt-log benches before the rough uncovered tables. Upon these tables were placed immense earthen dishes of beans, huge pyramids of brown and corn bread, thick slices of deer meat and large piles of newly-made biscuits. How those men ate! Dishes were quick-

ly emptied and snatched away by the cookees who carried them to the cook room and brought them back steaming full.

After the meal was completed I sought out the boss, Mr. Withee by name, and handed him my letter of introduction. This he quickly glanced over and said that I could look around and get acquainted with the place and begin my work the next day.

That afternoon I spent in more thoroughly examining the camp. I found it to consist of about a dozen cabins, namely; the hovels, where the horses were sheltered, the cook room, the wagon where all the supplies were kept and which resembled a store, and the sleeping and eating quarters. These were all made of unpeeled logs between which moss and clay had been forced. Each one was low and only one story high but covered a large space of ground. In the sleeping quarters the men spent their leisure time, evenings and Sundays. Along one side was a long bench called the "deacon seat," upon which the men would sit and tell stories during the long winter evenings. Back of this seat were the bunks, arranged layer above layer. They were similar to the berths of a ship. These bunks were filled with a thick layer of freshly-cut fir boughs upon which blankets were spread. Upon the walls of this room were pasted and nailed flaring pictures from the covers of magazines and anything else that was thought decorative.

I next turned my steps into one of the numerous paths that led from the camp in all directions. After a walk of two miles I reached the logging quarters where the men were hard at work. Men were cutting down the straight, tall spruce trees, others were cutting off the limbs, still others dragged the timber to a yard where it was rolled onto a two horse sled, then hauled

down the "ramdown" and onto the Pond. This "ramdown" was a very steep hill about half a mile long. It was so steep it was nearly perpendicular.

The "snubbing post," at the top of the hill, and which bore the weight of the big loads in their descent, consisted of a large beech tree, cut off at a distance of four feet from the ground. To this one end of a three inch hawser or the "snub rope" was attached. The other end of the rope was fastened to the front part of the load of logs. After three or four turns of the rope had been made, it could easily be paid out by two men. But think of the danger if the line was paid out too fast! It would mean death to the horses and driver beneath the pyramid of grinding logs.

This division of the work shows only a small part of the danger that is connected with the logging camp.

I returned with the men that night thoroughly pleased with my discoveries of the afternoon and resolving to do my best as a logger.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

J. A. H., '16.

Scotchman (In Alps)—"Hello." An hour later his echo returns. Turning to his American friend, he asks: "Have you anything in America that can equal that?"

American—"Why, yes. When I was in the Rocky Mountains I used to say, before retiring: 'Four o'clock. Get up;' and in the morning the echo would wake me up."—Exchange.

Live one day at a time; easier still, one hour.

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN HONOR OF MORRIS PRATT.

On the afternoon of Nov. 29 regular school exercises were suspended at three o'clock, when all the students met in the assembly room to participate in the observance of the birthday of Morris Pratt. Besides the students and teachers, there were many friends who showed by their presence, not only their interest in Gould's Academy, but in the purpose for which a part of the afternoon was set apart. The following program was given:

Violin Solo,	Mr. Wm. Bingham, 2nd
Solo,	Mrs. I. H. Wight
Address,	Mrs. Gehring
Solo,	Miss Mona Martyn
Violin Solo,	Mr. Wm. Bingham, 2nd
Duet,	Miss Sawford, Mr. Wm. Upson
Solo,	Dr. I. H. Wight
Solo,	Mr. Wm. Upson

In introducing the programme, Principal Hanscom said: For four years the anniversary of the birth of Morris Pratt has been observed here in this schoolroom, but as there are those present who do not understand the reason for this observance, perhaps a few words of explanation may be in order.

For four years Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pratt of New York City have each year rendered very material financial assistance to Gould's Academy—assistance which has kept the school upon a higher plane of efficiency and usefulness than would otherwise have been possible. In addition to this, Mrs. Pratt has each year offered \$200.00 in scholarships to assist deserving students in paying their living expenses at Holden Hall.

All this has been done in memory of their son, Morris Pratt, who died in Bethel, while seeking here among our beautiful hills the health which gave way, while a student at Amherst Col-

lege.

Personally, I did not know Morris Pratt in life, but I feel justified in saying that he was a young man of sterling character, who loved the good, the true and the beautiful. He was intensely loyal to his college, whose colors, royal purple and white, signifying loyalty and purity, are emblematic of his life and character; and the object of the assistance rendered to Gould's Academy by his parents is to stimulate the cultivation of like qualities among her students rather than to promote mere excellence of scholarship.

On the same day that the first Morris Pratt scholarships were awarded in Gould's Academy, a beautiful dormitory, known as the Morris Pratt Memorial Dormitory, was being dedicated at Amherst College; and there, beneath a portrait of Morris Pratt, a beautiful little message has been engraved. This message is before me, and to you young people, who are here honestly and earnestly striving to do your best, I pass on this message, in the hope that you, too, may be building even better than you know.

"To all the builders, who, in strength up-
grown,
Toil glad of heart beneath the sun and rain,
For glory of hill-country or of plain,
Bringing to being towering heights of stone;
And to the builders who, with verse or clay
Bring other spirit shapes forth into light,
And leave a beacon that will still shine bright
When they have done the labor of their day;
To them this message,—but in chief to those
Who dwell within these walls in memory
Of one Boy-builder, may they, facing true
And cleared-eyed onward where the sunset
glows,
Working while day lasts, blithe and brave
and free,
Build as he once builded, better than he
knew."

And so it is in grateful remembrance and recognition that we pause for a little while to take to our hearts the lesson of this young life, whose influence is still a living force in our midst.

Principal Hanscom then presented Mrs. Gehring, as one who knew Morris Pratt personally, one whose annual message has come to be looked forward to, one whose personal interest and personal influence have resulted in great good to the Academy.

Mrs. Gehring spoke as follows:

As year after year we meet together for this hour of acknowledgment I feel an ever growing sense of being merely a messenger bearing truths that have come to me from the remembrance of one who has deeply influenced not only myself but everyone connected with Gould's Academy.

But for this life not one student in this school would be what he is today. Gould's Academy would have been entirely different; you would not have had the advantages that have enabled you to grow and develop as you have done; and there are people who come into this circle surrounding this life, and who meet with us yearly on these occasions, whose interest in you has awakened from seeing the benefits you are receiving from a life that still goes on living on this earth—and I find myself thinking towards you during the year as I never should have done had there not been an immortal spirit spreading its benediction upon us all.

So that whatever comes into my thought as "unalterable good" and seems to apply to your lives I associate with my association with and remembrance of Morris Pratt.

This year I am going to tell you of the aim of two lives with whom I personally came into contact during the last few years. Both used the same phrase in speaking of themselves. They were as far apart as dwellers upon dif-

ferent continents, as difference of language, racial characteristics and form of religion could possibly make them—and yet, as you will see, there was a unity of spirit.

The first was that rarest of human beings, a great prima-donna, one whose wide triumphs made her a citizen of the whole civilized world. A Maine girl. Lilian Norton of Farmington, Maine, granddaughter of Camp Meeting John Allen—and the Nordica of all Europe and America.

I first saw her many years ago, as a student, singing in Boston, under dire stress of poverty. A critic by my side said of her, that snowy day, when hampered by a terrific storm she came upon the stage in the plainest of street costumes—amid the brave finery of her graduating classmates. "She is the only one among them all—with a future."

Not only her voice, which was even then beautiful—but her bearing, her expression, the unmistakable evidences of superiority marked her, when but a girl in her teens. Character was already stamping itself upon face and figure.

In the long talk I was privileged to have with her three years ago, she told me of her early life, the story of what it means to be great, the price one pays and it has been to me one of the most stimulating personal experiences I have ever known. It has inspired me to try to rouse young people into recognition of what it means to attain success in anything. What their standards must be.

She told me of the years, not days nor months, but years, when she worked to pay her living expenses for her education in Europe—and after they were met—the time left for her educational life came out of the early mornings and the late nights.

Think of the hours of practice necessary to train the natural into the cul-

tivated voice; what the study of several languages meant; and the immense number of operas, oratorios and compositions learned in foreign tongues and sung with not a note for reference—with absolute perfection. An inaccuracy, however slight, would have thrown an orchestra into confusion, fellow artists into dismay, a director into despair, and a critical audience into audible displeasure, while a public waiting to give its verdict of recognition as an artist would have pronounced her a failure.

What a preparation lies before every attainment that raises the common upon the uncommon plane of life. Somewhere, Emerson says words to this effect: "Do you want anything in life? Pay for it—and take it."

As I have seen that true queen of song, (for no other prima-donna in the world ever rivalled Nordica's magnificent dignity as she swept upon a concert stage), singing with such absolute fidelity of purpose to give of her best to a waiting audience, I have said to myself many times—"She is loyally consecrated to her work."

So when we met and talked upon subjects far below the surface of life, I said to her.

"Madam Nordica, will you permit me to say to you what I have said of you—that I believe you have never sung an unconscientious note."

Tears glistened in her beautiful eyes—she leaned towards me and said:

"I have lived for my art, I am glad it has been thus recognized." She paused a moment, then opened a travelling bag which was fitted inside with a little book-rack filled with books in different languages, and taking a Bible, that showed usage, from its place, she said, with a tender sort of courage in thus speaking to a stranger, "I could never have done what I have but for what this book has meant to me."

I thought to myself, "Camp Meeting John Allen's granddaughter received a legacy of spiritual capacity."

Then she resumed her conversation, but upon a different plane. Like all truly great souls because she had received much, she must give much. Her success, her gloriously-earned fame was based upon principles—and she longed to spread abroad in the world the truths that would raise others upon unknown heights.

She spoke with passionate earnestness of the superficiality of American students. She longed to reach everyone who had started upon any plan of study or work—and to beg them to be faithful to the principle of perfecting themselves on each advancing step. I remember this phrase: "They do not know what it means to work—to know every passage they attempt to play or sing—so that there are no inaccuracies; to study every exception to a rule in a foreign language; to read the best English writers till they cannot even think excepting in a perfect form of expression." This is to be an artist—and whether it is in one's power or not to become a great man or woman—it is in everyone's power to make an art of whatever he is doing—by doing it perfectly.

The world mourns the untimely death of Nordica. At the very height of her broadest usefulness as an inspiration, she went into another life—carrying with her—the attainment of a perfect fidelity to duty which made her "art" the imperishable work of her earthly life.

Across the Atlantic in wonderful Spain with all its associations with our continent, we journeyed a year ago for two months with a famous Spanish Courier—a man of splendidly-borne years, extremely handsome, with the bearing and manners of an imagined Spanish grandee.

He had the honor of acting as courier to Mark Twain when he made his journey which resulted in his famous "Innocents Abroad" and as he proudly stated, "I have had ze honor of accompanying over 400 parties in 40 years, most of them deestinguished persons." This, with his six feet of courtly bearing and bowings, made an impression not to be ignored, as we made his acquaintance.

He had studied men, nations and character. His intimate relationship with cultivated people in the close contact of travel had given a remarkably perceptive mind, a liberal education, and he was delightful. His aim in life was to be absolutely prepared to anticipate any possible need of those who had chosen him as their guide. And from his lips fell again and again the same phrase "My work is my art" and indeed he had perfected himself until his life was upon a plane of such superiority as to give the Spanish Courier a right to enter the magic circle of those worthy to be called artists.

Perhaps you are wondering why this day of all days with its associations connected with a young life seemingly prematurely ended I should have had this subject so earnestly in my mind.

It is because when I think of Morris Pratt I remember the perfection he reached. His bravely accepted renunciation of the great opportunities which were his birthright and all the power which great wealth confers; the noble sweetness he showed when others passed him in the race of life, when but for illness he, too, would have touched the goal; the quick perceptions and ready helpful sympathy when human needs were made known to him; were daily lessons to those who knew him well. One nearest to him in helpful efforts has said of him:

"I never saw a sullen look on his face, nor heard an embittered word

fall from his lips in all those months of suffering, when racked by alternate hope and discouragement." He seemed to rise into a consciousness where no hindrance of the "pride of life" or self seeking could affect his serene soul.

And therefore, to Morris Pratt we owe a wonderful illustration of the art of living. He did not need a longer stay in the training-school of life; he had attained—He is one of the Immortals.

And now dear students, to whom I have brought what the lives of noble souls have given to me, I leave as the message I have been permitted to bear, as messenger, this call from the Leaders who are above us on the heights. Make each step a faithful effort. Make whatever you are learning, or doing, or bearing—"an art."

Ruskin says, "The artist is a person who has submitted to a law which it was painful to obey."

The artisan is defined as one who works only upon the plane of common things done in a common way.

Another great mind tells us that by putting your work, whatever it may be, (remember that phrase) under the law of perfect effort, you are transformed from the artisan into the artist. Where will the class of 1915 rank itself as it goes out from Gould's Academy into the great work-shop of Life? Will its members be satisfied to be only artisans, or will they resolve to become artists?

Simply to do what we ought to do is an altogether higher, diviner, more potent, more creative thing, than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue, build the most worshipping temple, dream out the most enchanting combination of melody and harmony.

G. McDonald.



SCHOOL NOTES.

School began September 14, with Miss Nellie Whitman and Mr. Harold W. Rand taking the places of Miss Miriam Herrick and Mr. John Moore of last year's faculty.

The following new students entered the Academy during the Fall term:—

Lillian Pingree,
Dora Fariar,
Esther Tyler,
Clare Mason,
Gwendolyn Godwin,
Ruth Cole,
Myrtle Beckler,
Ruie Richmond,
Ethel Eagle,
Bernice Keddy,
Veda Burhoe,
Vivian Jackson,
Doris Somerville,
Hazel Keniston,
Philip Brown,
Elmer Bennett,
Harold Bartlett,
Henry Flint,
Linwood Wilson,
Philip Lord,
Robert Hanscom,
Clark Morse,
George Philbrook,
John Chase.

Wednesday, September 15, was given the students to attend the Norway Fair.

Some who have visited the Academy

this term are: Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Gehring, Margaret C. Herrick, Margaret E. Herrick, Helen Baker, Violet Morrill, Mildred Brown, Mabel Bailey, Mrs. Powers, Mrs. Davis and Gard Goddard.

On the evening of September 23rd, the Senior Class gave a reception in the gymnasium in honor of the new students and teachers. Most of the students were present and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all. Refreshments of punch and fancy cookies were served. Mrs. E. L. Arno, Mrs. T. C. Chapman and Mrs. F. E. Hanscom acted as matrons.

The Senior Class are glad to welcome back one of their classmates of the Freshman year, Miss Helen Abbott.

October 1st was one of the most delightful autumn days, and during the forenoon recess, some of the students were wildly seized with the idea of a "School Walk." Before the noon hour had expired a petition had been written and signed by more than half the students and nearly all the teachers, after which it was innocently handed to Mr. Hanscom to be signed. After school was called to order in the afternoon, Mr. Hanscom graciously told us that at the close of the second period, school would be dismissed, and we might have the remainder of the afternoon for our annual school walk. He then chose a committee to decide where we should go, and after some discussion, it was decided to walk up to Sunset Rock. At half past two o'clock, the students gathered on the campus and after giving some school cheers, we started on our walk. It is not necessary for me to describe it, for those of you who have been on school walks know what they are like. Songs were sung and merry shouts of laughter were heard along the way. The "camera

fiends" were present, and woe to him, who was caught off his guard. After reaching the rock, we decided to go on to a summer home, a short distance beyond, known as the "Fields Place," where many of our number helped themselves to the most delicious (???) apples. About five o'clock the stragglers were seen returning to the Academy, rather tired, but in good spirits, after a pleasant afternoon.

Two very interesting lectures, given by Prof. Geo. N. Cross, have been enjoyed during the term. Both his lectures, "America, The Birth of a Great Nation," and "America, The Triumph of a Great Nation," were beautifully illustrated and possessed great historical value. The lectures were given under the auspices of the Senior Class.

Mr. John H. Moore, who has been Sub-Master at Gould's Academy for the past four years, has accepted the position of Principal of Oxford High School.

Miss Miriam Herrick, who has taught German and English in Gould's Academy for the past five or six years, is now doing social settlement work in Boston.

In October, Mrs. Sloan entertained guests at a cottage by Round Pond. A picnic dinner was eaten around an open fire in the cottage but the pond and boats were too attractive to allow the young people to stay in doors long. There were plenty of boats so each one could have a boat ride. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hanscom, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Byram, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Dana Philbrook, Miss Pratt, Miss Whitmore, Mr. Rand, Hazel Arno, Naomi Smith, Edith Somerville, Ermine Rabi-deau, Hazel Keniston, Lillian Pingree, Helen Abbott, Hattie Knight, Veda Burhoe, Florence Chapman, Ethel Cole, Eva Bartlett, Kathryn Hanscom, Mar-

garet Hanscom, Dorothy Hanscom, Erma Pierce, Ruby Ashby, Alice Gunther, Dorothy Hutchins, Ruie Richmond, Muriel Park, Robert Hanscom, Edward Hanscom, James Hayford, Harold Chapman, Roger Sloan, John Chase, George Philbrook, Eugene Van Den Kerckhoven, Raymond Chapman, Homer Bartlett, Virgil Wight.

The annual Hallowe'en Social was held in the gymnasium on Thursday evening, October 28, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. The gymnasium was decorated with paper witches, black cats, goblins and jack-o'-lanterns. A short program was rendered which was very much enjoyed by all. Fortunes were told in various ways and races were run. Punch and cake were served as refreshments. Mrs. E. L. Arno, Mrs. Hanscom and Miss Whitman were the matrons.

Officers for the different school organizations for the ensuing year are as follows:—

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President,	James A. Hayford
Vice-President,	Harry N. Young
Secretary,	Marian T. Pratt
Treasurer,	Harold C. Chapman
Auditor,	Frank E. Hanscom

Board of Control.

Frank E. Hanscom, Ex-officio.	
James A. Hayford,	Harris G. Hamlin,
Marian T. Pratt,	Edgar Inman,
Harold C. Chapman,	Kathryn Hanscom,
George A. Mundt,	Vivian Hutchins,
Harold W. Rand,	Myrtle Beckler,
Harry N. Young,	Elmer Bennett.

Y. M. C. A.

President,	Harris G. Hamlin
Vice-President,	Herbert R. Bean
Corresponding Sec.,	Harold C. Chapman
Recording Sec.,	James A. Hayford
Treasurer,	Robert Hastings
Faculty Adviser,	Frank E. Hanscom

Y. W. C. A.

President,	Hazel J. Arno
Vice-President,	Ruth R. Elliott
Secretary,	Ermine M. Rabideau
Treasurer,	Florence B. Chapman
Faculty Adviser,	Marian T. Pratt

BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

Manager,	Harold W. Rand
Captain,	Not yet elected

BOYS' BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION.**First Team.**

Manager,	Harold W. Rand
Captain,	Harry N. Young

Second Team.

Captain,	Vivian Hutchins
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CLASS OFFICERS.**Senior Class.**

President,	Harold C. Chapman
Vice-President,	George A. Mundt
Treasurer and Secretary,	Helen E. Abbott

Junior Class.

President,	Herbert R. Bean
Vice-President,	Harris G. Hamlin
Treasurer,	Ernestine H. Philbrook
Secretary,	Blanche E. Herrick

Sophomore Class.

President,	Virgil P. Wight
Vice-President,	William Hastings
Treasurer,	Kathryn Hanseom
Secretary,	Naomi K. Smith

Freshman Class.

President,	Philip Lord
Vice-President,	Robert Hanseom
Treasurer and Secretary,	Esther Tyler

Snakes! Gloves! Sheep! Jitney!

Oh Gretchen!

Dapilottes are now in vogue. Can it be possible?

School opened with an unusually large number at Holden Hall, every room on the girl's side being occupied.

All were glad to welcome the new teachers:—Miss Whitman and Mr. Rand; also Mr. and Mrs. Byram.

The Y. W. C. A. still holds its meetings at Holden Hall, with a good attendance. The girls are to sell candy at the basketball games to help earn enough to send a member of the association to Hebron next term. Ruth Pearce, President of Hebron Y. W. C. A., spoke to the girls on Nov. 3rd, and was greatly enjoyed by all. Miss Pratt gave a delightful five o'clock tea to afford the girls an opportunity of meeting Miss Pearce.

Mr. Chamberlain of the Berlin Y. M. C. A., gave an interesting address to the boys on Nov. 4th, and was a welcome guest at Holden Hall.

We are wondering if "Reddy" Sloan is studying law, as he is frequently seen up at Lawyer Park's. (No, John, we didn't say "Down in the Park.")

Cats are being rapidly imported. Other stray animals welcome.

Can it be possible that the chauffer's business is more pleasurable than teaching?

The boys and girls dance in the dining room one evening a week, from half past six to seven. Non-dancers are especially urged to learn the art.

Miss Whitmore entertains the girls again this year by reading to them after supper until study hours.

HOLDEN HALL NOTES.

"Here's all the news from Holden Hall,
We're glad to have it so full this fall.
I tell you what, we're happy here;
It's the finest place afar or near.
I sincerely say, and not alone,
It's the nicest home except our own."

It was a great pleasure to have Prof. Cross with us again this year.

Those who did not attend the Norway Fair enjoyed a bacon bat at Grover Hill in the late afternoon.

All who remained at the dormitory on the Saturday of the Great World's Fair joined with several outsiders in a picnic trip to Locke's Mills, going down on the 8.51 A. M. train and returning on the 4.25. Boating, walking, croquet, and other sports were enjoyed. All had a good time and look forward to another trip to Locke's.

Lost:—Several individuals on the school walk, somewhere between Field Place and Holden Hall.

Cook: "Are you the same boy who ate my doughnuts last week?"

Innocent Cannibal: "No, mum; no, mum, I'll never be the same boy again."

"May we sing, 'Oh Paradise'?"

We hope that the numerous attempts of our musicians will soon result in some real music.

Miss Whitman has recently received many calls from out of town friends and relatives.

We are glad to have Ida Packard with us again this year.

"Bill" has our deepest sympathy for the touching cause of his illness. But still, she is hoping that he'll dine there again. Poor "Bill"!

Birthday celebrations have been quite the fad this season.

Why do you suppose Muriel Park wears brown on Thursday nights and red on Sunday nights?

Goldfish are very popular for centerpieces.

Some of the latest books at the hall are:—"The Art of Walking"—Anonymous. "The Crepe on the Door"—Cook. "Through the Keyhole"—Bartlett. "Siege of the Seven Suitors"—Elliott. "The Chaperon"—Richmond. "A Prize Package"—Who? "Enigmas"—Anonymous. "The Painter"—Miss Whitmore. "The Borrower"—Philbrook.

Then the lights went out!

GRETCHEN.

Oh! Gretchen is a dappled horse,
As handsome as can be;
He doesn't go so very fast,
But he goes just right for me.

Sometimes I'm in a hurry,
And then I use a stick;
Oh! you should see my Gretchen go,
I tell you, he is quick.

But then again, I take to ride,
Some maiden, fair and sweet;
Ah! then no rein, I have to use,
To guide his steady feet.

So, if on fun or business bent,
He always does just right;
He and I are the best of friends,
And we have never had a fight.
The Owner.

Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the skies are blue,
Somewhere there may be people
Whose cares are very few.

Somewhere there may be laughter,
And somewhere ne'er a frown;
But you don't care much, do you,
When She had turned you down?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Y. M. C. A.

During the first three weeks of the Fall term the membership of the Association was increased by all of the entering Freshman boys except two, and also some of the new upper classmen. Both the old and new members seemed to take a keen interest in the meetings and were always willing to do their part in any way they could. The meetings have been held on Thursday nights after school in the assembly room as usual. Some very interesting topics have been discussed, some of which are; "Books and Their Reading," Leader, Mr. Hanscom; "The Value of Organization," Mr. Rand, Leader; "The Opportunity and Responsibility of the Young Man of America at the Close of the Present War," Robert Hastings, Leader. On Nov. 3 Mr. Chamberlain, the director of boys work in the Y. M. C. A. at Berlin, N. H., came down and gave us a very helpful talk on "Duty to Civilization and Self." He was a very interesting speaker and his talk was enjoyed very much by all who attended the meeting.

On Thursday of the sixth week, we joined the Y. W. C. A. in giving a Halowe'en party in the G. A. gymnasium.

THE OXFORD COUNTY BOYS' CONFERENCE.

The Third Annual Conference of the Boys of Oxford County was held at Bethel, Dec. 3-5 inclusive, and was noteworthy for the interest and enthusiasm of the delegates, for the uniform excellence of the meetings, and for the inspirational results achieved by the speakers among the boys.

As the Conference was held at Bethel, the Gould's Academy Y. M. C. A. were joint hosts with the business men of the town and members of this organization comprised a large part of the

Bethel delegation of forty-six boys.

On the arrival of the delegates in the town, most of them coming in at 4.25 P. M., Friday, they were escorted to the Methodist Church by the boys of the Gould's Y. M. C. A. and registered there. The boys serving as guides then took them to their places of entertainment and introduced them to their hosts. At 6.00 P. M. a line of parade was formed at the Methodist Church, the Bethel boys acting as escort to the visitors, and the line of march led up Main street, around the Common, and back down Main street to the Odd Fellows' Hall where a sumptuous banquet awaited the boys. Following the feast, which was characterized by one of the speakers as the best banquet he had ever eaten at a county conference, Principal F. E. Hanscom, of Gould's Academy, Toastmaster for the occasion, introduced Harris G. Hamlin President of the Gould's Y. M. C. A. who welcomed the visitors to Bethel in behalf of the boys of the Academy and the town. He then called upon Rev. J. H. Little and Rev. W. C. Curtis, who voiced the welcome of the churches to the delegates. Ellery C. Park, Esq., spoke a word of welcome from the business men of the town. These addresses of welcome were responded to by Cecil C. Sweatt, of Andover, President of the Conference, speaking for the boys, and Dr. L. H. Trufant of Norway, speaking for the visiting leaders. Jeff C. Smith of Waterville, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was accorded a rousing welcome when he rose at the request of Toastmaster Hanscom for a few words, and, as usual, "Jeff brought down the house." The principal speaker of the evening was Rev. George W. Hinckley of Good Will Farm, known throughout the nation for his work among boys. His message bearing directly upon the Conference Motto, "Preparedness," gave an impulse like

a tide to the Conference in its initial meeting and the force of this impulse lasted through the subsequent meetings. Very noteworthy features of the banquet evening were the excellent selections rendered by Herrick's Orchestra, and the wonderfully concerted cheering of the delegates.

Saturday morning was devoted to the business session of the Conference at which Harris G. Hamlin of Gould's Academy was elected to the Presidency of the Conference, and to addresses by each of the three out-of-town speakers, Mr. Smith, Mr. Heald, Mr. Nelles. Each of these speakers discussed some phase of Preparedness. Following the addresses the Conference photograph was taken, the group being formed on the steps of the Universalist Church in which the forenoon meeting had been held.

Saturday afternoon was devoted to the two basketball games at Gould's gymnasium in both of which the G. A. teams were returned victors, the first team winning from Norway High School by the score of 16 to 8, and the second team defeating a picked team from Rumford by the score of 14 to 7. Jeff Smith instituted a game of dodge ball directly after the games of basketball and this was very much enjoyed both by participants and spectators.

Saturday evening, in Odeon Hall was shown the six reel motion picture, "From the Manger to the Cross." Mr. Heald kindly offered explanations of the scenes shown, that they might be more clear. This meeting was open to the public and was largely attended both by the delegates and the people of the town. The picture is a classic and provided one of the best educational features of the Conference.

On Sunday morning the Conference speakers occupied the pulpits of the local churches. Large audiences heard their messages at each church. At 3.30

Sunday afternoon the mass meeting for older boys and young men was held at the Methodist Church and many of the delegates took a definite stand for Christ and the Church at this time. Music for this occasion was furnished by a male quartette picked from the townspeople of Bethel.

The farewell meeting of the Conference was held at the Congregational Church on Sunday evening, Dec. 5, and the building was filled with the delegates and their hosts. The three churches united in a Union Service for this occasion and the meeting was entirely open to the public. President Hamlin presided. Reports were read from the Credential Committee, and from the Committee on Resolutions, and were accepted by the Conference. Members of the delegations from the different towns of the county spoke of the enjoyment they had taken in the Conference at Bethel. Jeff Smith presented an excellent address on the importance of directing, not suppressing, the boyish energy found in our young people. Rev. R. B. Nelles of Bangor outlined in the farewell address the results that the boys should take with them from the Conference and the manner in which they should make these results manifest in their daily life. Following this address all the delegates formed a circle about the room, hand in hand, and united in singing the old farewell song, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." President Hamlin then declared the Conference adjourned. Proofs of the Conference photograph were on exhibition at the close of this meeting, and announcement was made that copies of this could be secured through the leaders of the various delegations.

There can be no doubt of the success of the Conference. Both visiting delegates and the boys of Bethel have derived benefits which are producing results in their daily life. The Gould's

Y. M. C. A. took great pleasure in doing its share in entertaining the delegates and hope that they may be with us again before many years. We feel sure that the Third Annual Conference of the Boys of Oxford County was an enjoyable and memorable occasion for all who attended. The Gould's Y. M. C. A. hereby wishes to extend its thanks to all who cooperated with them to make the affair a success.

Y. W. C. A.

By the election of last Spring the following officers serve for the year 1915-1916:

President,	Hazel J. Arno
Vice-President,	Ruth R. Elliott
Secretary,	Ermine Rabideau
Treasurer,	Florence Chapman

The first Thursday of the fall term, the Y. W. C. A. gave an informal reception to Miss Whitman and the new girls of the school, on the side porch at Holden Hall. Refreshments of lemonade and fancy cookies were served from small tables which were placed on the porch and under shade trees near the Hall. The Misses Hazel Arno and Blanche Herrick played duets and Miss Mona Martyn sang a solo.

The most important event of the term was the meeting on Nov. 3 led by Miss Ruth Pearce, the President of the Y. W. C. A. of Hebron Academy. An informal tea was given in Miss Pratt's room at 5 P. M., so the girls might meet Miss Pearce before the evening meeting which was held in Holden Hall dining room at 7.30 with about twenty-five members present. The meeting was opened by singing and prayers. A violin and piano duet was

given by Margaret and Blanche Herrick and a vocal duet was rendered by Hazel Arno and Ermine Rabideau. The subject of the meeting was, "The Superior Self," upon which Miss Pearce gave a very interesting talk followed by responses from nearly all present. After the meeting was closed, Miss Pearce, at Miss Whitman's request, gave two readings which everyone enjoyed. Miss Pearce returned to Hebron the following afternoon. The girls went to the station to bid her good bye, and by their cheers, showed their spirit towards the sister association.

Several of the girls of the Freshman Class, and others have joined the Y. W. C. A. this term.

Meetings have been held on each Wednesday after school; leaders, topics and pianists were provided by the Religious Meeting Committee. The first two meetings were devoted to the reports of the delegates to the summer conference held at Makonikey in June.

Y. W. C. A. CONFERENCE.

Camp Makonikey, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.,
June 15-22, 1915.

At one meeting, the delegates to the C. A. meeting the delegates to the Northeastern Field Students Conference at Camp Makonikey, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., reported the conference. They regret that there was not a large attendance to hear this report.

The meeting was in charge of Hazel Arno and Ruth Elliott. After the usual preliminaries Miss Arno explained the program of the conference. Each morning at nine there were Bible classes led by recent graduates of the Y. W. C. A. Training School in New York. That for the leaders was taught by Miss Mathews, who had charge of Camp Makonikey. At ten o'clock there were

Technical Councils for the girls, led by Miss Isabel Esten of Old Orchard, Me. At eleven o'clock came the Mission Study Classes. The first two days were devoted to Foreign Missions with talks by Miss Me Lung Ting, a Chinese student at Mt. Holyoke. Her subject was, "The Life of a Girl in China." She spoke charmingly and earnestly with very effective pauses. She told of the life of different classes of girls in China, and compared Chinese and American girls. "American girls are bright, responsive and friendly; Oriental girls are thoughtful, sober and diligent, but all are likely to fuss about little things and miss the big things of life." The second day she spoke of "How Christianity Changes a Chinese Girl's Life." She told of all that America has done for the Chinese, of John Hay in 1910, of Roosevelt's returning part of the indemnity money, of Wilson's prevention of interference and of the United States being the first to recognize the Chinese republic. "America is the only nation that has a national conscience." Her conclusion both days was the question, "Why you and I have such blessings and privileges?"

The last three days were devoted to Home Mission or rather Social Service and were conducted by Miss Gertrude Owen, Social Secretary of the Boston Y. W. C. A. She was the most enthusiastic of any of the speakers. A quotation will show the spirit of her talks. "Social service, as a profession, is honest, Christlike, useful. It can be cheerful if you have faith, if you believe that you are responsible but back of you is eternal power."

All these meetings were held out of doors, when the weather permitted.

The afternoons were devoted to recreation. From one to two was rest hour at the camp. There was tennis, basket ball, auto rides, walks and

drives, motor boat rides, and best of all "bacon bats" on the beach at night.

In the evening there was a meeting of some kind in the large room. Thursday evening we were delighted to hear again Dr. Raymond Calkins of Cambridge whom we enjoyed so much in Portland last spring. Saturday evening we had a general review of the various branches of Y. W. C. A. work, presented by several secretaries, councilors and girls.

On Sunday morning and evening services were conducted by the Rev. Frank Latimer Janeway of New York City. His morning talk was on the symbolic meanings of the sea; the subject of the evening was, "The Privilege of the Christian Life."

We feel that we derived great inspiration and uplift from the meetings and fully as much from contact with girls from other schools and with the leaders in association work. When all else is forgotten the spirit of Christian fellowship which pervaded the whole atmosphere will be our pleasantest and most lasting memory.

At one of the meetings, Mrs. Oliver Mason brought to us a delightful message about "Home and Foreign Missions," one, I am sure, the girls will remember.

The day returns and brings the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blythely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds, weary and content, and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

R. L. S.

ALUMNI NOTES.

1900.

Barbara A. Carter, married to Edward P. Lyon, resides in Bethel.

Maud L. Thurston, librarian at Bethel Public Library.

1901.

Edwin L. Harvey, reporter, New York Times.

1902.

Angie M. Abbott, married to James A. Mann of Rumford, Me.

Carrie M. Wight, Supt. of the model and practice work at the Machias State Normal School.

1903.

Frank J. Weed, teacher of instrumental music, Alfred, N. Y.

1904.

Gwendolyn I. Stearns, teaching at Mechanic Falls, Me.

1905.

Maud E. Goud, married to Mark Rix, resides in Shelburne, N. H.

Paul C. Thurston, manufacturer of dowels, Roxbury and Bethel, Me.

1906.

Harold J. Young, head of boy's department, Jordan, Marsh Co., Boston.

1907.

Bessie A. Goud, now Mrs. Ernest Stiles, resides in Milan, N. H.

Fitzmaurice Vail, married to Lillian Buck, '08, living in Portland Me.

1908.

Forrest Keene, married to Alice Wight, living at Mechanic Falls, Me.

Thomas DeCosta, teacher of penmanship in Houlton High School, Houlton, Me.

Florence Eaton, married to Carl Green, living in Waterville.

Mildred Hapgood, married to Harry Lyon, living in Bethel.

1909.

Susan King, spending the winter in Boston.

Fred Hall, married to Miss Gladys Buck, resides in Bethel.

1910.

Mildred Brown, married to Arthur Chapman, resides at Mechanic Falls.

1911.

Miss Mary Stanley, teaching in Greenwood, Me.

Miss Blanche Richardson, teaching in Livermore Falls, Me.

Irving Harriman, attending Bates College.

Lula Cummings, married to Howard Hutchins of Bethel.

Mildred Chapman, teaching at West Bethel.

Alice Smith, married to Arnol Brown, resides in Bethel.

Mae Cross, with Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hastings, Bethel.

Oscar Judkins, attending U. of M.

1912.

Lawrence Philbrook, attending U. of M.

Mona Martyn, at home, Bethel, Me.

Guy Kendall, employed at Mechanic Falls, Me.

Ruth Mason, married to Carl Brown, '11, lives in Bethel.

Florence Springer, teaching in Bethel Grammar School.

Harold Rich, attending Williams College.

1913.

Carrie King, married to Paul Loring, lives at Campton, N. H.

Alice Kimball, at Simmon's College.

Adelmar Brown, clerking in W. C. Bryant's store, Bethel, Me.

Alice Swan, married to Dr. E. L. Brown of Bethel.

Carroll Valentine, at Dartmouth College.

Norman Hamlin, at Bates College, Lewiston.

Winfield Wight, at Bowdoin College.

Miss Edith Kimball, married to John Howe, living at East Bethel.

Miss Eva Bean at Colby College.

Sylvia Swan recently married to Del-lison Conroy of Bethel.

Erma Thurston, married to Ralph Young, '13, living in Bethel.

Miss Jean Taylor, married to Everett Smith, living in Bethel.

1914.

Percy Farnham, attending Bowdoin College.

Miss Vera Holt, married to Charles W. Haskell, living in Portland, Me.

Miss Margaret E. Herrick, teaching at Sunday River.

Miss Helen Baker, teaching at Newry.

Miss Marian Mansfield, at Smith College.

Philip Wight, clerking in H. S. Pushard's store.

Alton Bartlett, at home, Hanover, Me.

Margaret C. Herrick, at Mt. Holyoke College.

Miss Edla Kendall, teaching at Newry.

Effie Bernier Merrill, teaching in Grafton.

Leroy Hamlin, at home, in Otisfield.

Howard Tyler, clerking in C. K. Fox's store.

Miss Mildred Bosserman, at home, Bethel.

Edward H. Brown, employed by Prof. W. R. Chapman.

John M. Harrington, at home in Greenwood.

1915.

Harrie C. Brown, employed by Prof. W. R. Chapman.

Francis A. Bean, at U. of M.

Miss Marion Frost, teaching at No. Bethel.

Leo Cole, at home in Greenwood.

Miss Mabel Bailey, teaching at Bryant's Pond.

Miss Eva Bartlett, at home, East Bethel.

Miss Ethel Cole, teaching at East Bethel.

COMMUNICATION.

Orono, Maine.
Nov. 23, 1915.

Editor-in-Chief of the Academy Herald,
Gould's Academy,
Bethel, Maine.

Dear Editor:—

I was pleased to receive your letter of the 22nd because it revived memories of Old G. A. Thanks to the competent corps of teachers, especially Mr. Hanscom, the men who come to Maine from this academy of ours are well prepared to carry on the work outlined for us at the University.

College work, being larger and broader than that at preparatory school, teaches us the importance of laying strong foundations. It is the first year of high school or college that is the most important in student life because its influence reaches out and pervades the other years. The student must be honest, industrious and faithful. If any branch of work is slighted at the start, it will continue to impede the progress of the student throughout his whole course. No one should be content with merely passing rank.

Though recreation is a legitimate part of school life, it is not the most valuable part of the training. It is the amount of knowledge we get and the attention paid to the instructor that is the most valuable.

I extend to you the best wishes for a successful school year, and to the basketball team for a victorious season.

Yours sincerely,
Francis A. Bean,
Maine State University,
Orono, Maine.

G. A. 1915.



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

"Have mercy upon us miserable sinners."
Editors.

"I would not, if I could, be gay."
Paul Head.

"A modest blush she wears, not form'd
by art."
Nina Briggs.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
Benson Norton.

"They sin, who tell us love can die."
Harry Young.

"There's little of melancholy element in
her."
Naomi Smith.

"To those who know him best,
A friend most true and hearty;
To those who know him least,
A very quiet party."
Harold Chapman.

"I will express myself in mine own words,
And whoso chooseth to laugh, let him
laugh."
George Mundt.

"Any little boy, that's a nice little boy,
Is the right little boy for me."
Alice Gunther.

"Fairest piece of well-formed clay."
Myrtle Beckler.

"Innocent, idle, wild and young."
Clark Morse.

"The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical, historical, tragical-historical-comical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited."

Senior Class.

"Hark! Prof. is coming!"

Evening Walkers.

"Warm-hearted smiles wield magic power."

Edwin Wilson.

"Her stature was tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

Dora Farrar.

"A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed."

Clare Mason.

"Little, but, O my!"

Elmer Bennett.

"'Cause I's wicked—I—is—I's mighty wicked anyhow, I can't help it."

Ruth Elliott.

"O' art thou still on earth, my love?

My only love!"

Alton Hutchinson.

"'Tis a wise Sophomore who can understand the ways of a Senior."

Virgil Wight.

"Of a cheerful and pleasing eye."

Florence Chapman.

"Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,

Who knew no wish but what the world might hear."

Mr. Hansecom.

"How green and fresh we are in this old world."

Freshman Class.

"I am as free as nature first made man."

Linwood Wilson.

"Up and down the streets I wander,
Oh, how utterly alone."

Ruie Richmond.

"Two lovely berries, moulded on one stem."

Alice and Ruth Brown.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

Kathryn Hansecom.

"Blessings on that eat of ours."

Roger Sloan and James Hayford.

"Here is a friend both for earnest and sport."

Harris Hamlin.

"Time elaborately thrown away."

Tennis Players.

"Her eyes were soft and gentle in their glances."

Helen Abbott.

"Like a lovely tree, she grew to womanhood."

Blanche Herrick.

"I am sure care is an enemy to life."

Edgar Inman.

"One glance from thine approving eye,
Can raise or bend him at thy will."

Annie Cummings.

"He was a verray parfit gentel knight."

Philip Lord.

"She is my care, my hope and my delight,
Most in my thought, and ever in my sight."

Harold Bartlett.

"She wins our hearts."

Gladys Spearria.

"Not to be laughed at and scorned because of his small stature."

Eugene Van Den Kerckhoven.

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

William Hastings.

"Not stepping over the bounds of modesty."

Ruth Cole.

"Her lively looks, a sprightly mind disclose."

Esther Tyler.

"Very jolly."

Hazel Keniston.

"It was only a glad 'Good Morning'

As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the live-long day."

Miss Whitman.

"I am all the daughters of my father's
house and all the brothers, too."

Grace Dearden.

"My heart is light from morn till night."

Vivian Hutchins.

"A loyal, just and upright gentleman."

Mr. Rand.

"Bright and cheerful, always happy
With a smile that can't be beat."

Edith Somerville.

"Just a plain American girl."

Irene Kilgore.

"I was short when I was young,
And I've been short ever since."

Homer Bartlett.

"Her world was ever joyous."

Gwendolyn Godwin.

"True worth is in being, not seeming."

Lillian Pingree.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Miss Pratt.

"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure."

Nellie Harrington.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard."

Herbert Bean.

"My tender youth was never yet attained
With any passion of inflaming love."

Robert Hastings.

"He was the mildest mannered man."

Ray Cummings.

"Can you tell me of some nice plan,
For me to catch a nice young man?"

Bertha Bailey.

"As pure as a pearl,
And as perfect; a noble innocent girl."

Myrtle Wilson.

"I will speak in a monstrous little voice."

Yvonne Brown.

"The merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Mary Harrington.

"The borrower is servant to the lender."

George Philbrook.

"A happy youth."

Gordon Allen.

"Be good sweet maid, and let who will be
clever."

Vivian Jackson.

"Happy am I, from care I am free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Doris Somerville.

"For me, I'm woman's slave confessed."

John Chase.

"A bright little comely girl,
With large, dark eyes."

Helen Clark.

"Her heart is light from morn till night."

Frances Baker.

"The very flower of youth."

Cleo Swett.

"Fear not for the future, weep not for
the past."

Junior Class.

"On her cheek,
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky."

Marjorie Allen.

"He who has learned to obey, will know
how to command."

Roy Cummings.

"A good temper, like a sunny day,
Sheds a brightness over everything."

Bernice Keddy.

"If you have tears prepare to shed them."

Senior Geometry.

"A proper man as one shall see on a summer's day."

Philip Brown.

"The world delights in sunny people."

Veda Burhoe.

"How e'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good."

Ethel Eagle.

"A youth light-hearted and content."

Robert Hansecom.

"Abandon all hope,
All ye who enter here."

English History Class.

The Gossips—

"Dear, well intentioned people,
With heads as void as a week-day church,
Tongues longer than the steeple."

"Always, do we find her the same,
Not too forward, not too tame."

Hazel Arno.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Henry Flint.

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

Miss Whitmore.

"How(e) sweet, how fair!"

Ernestine Philbrook.

"When the roll is called up yonder, he'll be late."

Lawrence Kimball.

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes!"

Ruby Ashby.

Take the bitter with the sweet, the unknown with the known, as we all must do in life, unless we wish to live and die alone.—Kingsley.

COMMENCEMENT, 1915.

The Commencement exercises of the class of 1915 began on June 6, with the preaching of the baccalaureate sermon by Rev. T. C. Chapman of Bethel. The school attended in a body, meeting at the Academy, and then marching to the church. The church was tastefully decorated with the class colors, national blue and white. Mr. Chapman gave a very strong and helpful discourse. Music was furnished by a mixed choir.

GRADUATION EXERCISES.

The exercises which are always so much anticipated by the people of Bethel and the nearby towns, took place in Odeon Hall, Thursday, June 10. There were ten in the graduating class.

The hall was artistically decorated with ferns and bridal wreaths. The banners of the present and also the former classes hung on the walls and at the rear of the stage, on a solid background of green, were the white figures 1915. Over the stage was the class motto, "Non Confectus, Sed Initus."

The students were marshalled to their seats by James Hayford of the class of 1916. Music was furnished by Pettengill's Orchestra.

The program was as follows:

March.

Invocation.

Music.

Latin Salutatory,

LEO GEORGE COLE

Class Oration—"Non Confectus, Sed Initus,"

HARRIE CARPENTER BROWN

Class History,

GLADYS ESTELLA DAVIS

Music.

Address to Undergraduates,

FRANCIS ALBION BEAN

Presentation of Class Gift,

MARION HOLT FROST

Acceptance of Gift,

MR. E. C. PARK

Music.

Class Prophecy,

ETHEL MAE COLE

Class Will,

CHARLES ELMER SMALL

Music.

Presentation of Class Gifts,

MABEL VIOLA BAILEY

Valedictory Address,

EVA FRANCES BARTLETT

Music.

Conferring of Diplomas.

Awarding of Scholarships.

Singing of Class Ode.

Benediction.

CLASS ODE.

(AIR: Robin Adair)

Words by

CHARLES PEREGRINE BARTLETT.

Four years we've spent within thy dear old walls,

Under the Blue and Gold, close to thy call.
Kind thoughts for teachers true at dear old
Gould's;

And may we loyal be to our old school.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, with tears we say,

Good-bye, and may there be

Good luck for old G. A.; dear old G. A.

'Neath Bethel's rugged hills rests old G. A.,
Dear haven for our work and for our play.
Knowledge we all have gained from this dear
school,

Wisdom to carry forth into the world.

Classmates, the time to leave grieves every
heart;

Schoolmates, our ties we break, this day
we part.

"To thine own self be true" at old G. A.,

This wish we leave with thee on our last
day.

On Thursday evening the Commencement Concert was given by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hill, assisted by Mr. John

Y. Scruton, Cellist; Miss Sarah Morgan, Reader; and Miss Verna A. Noyes, Pianist.

PROGRAM.

Cello Solo,

MR. JOHN Y. SCRUTON.

Songs,

(a) Be Ye in Love with April-Tide, Stephens

(b) The Daughter of Naendoza, Chadwick

(c) Ecstasy, Rummell

MRS. E. J. HILL.

Reading, Fennel,

Jerome K. Jerome

MISS SARAH MORGAN.

Song, Ah, Moon of My Delight,

Lehman

(from the Persian Garden)

MR. E. J. HILL.

Cello Solo,

MR. JOHN Y. SCRUTON.

Song, O Don Falale,

Verdi

(from Don Carlo)

MRS. E. J. HILL.

Reading, Pink Carnations,

Ciselle D'Unger

MISS SARAH MORGAN.

Songs,

(a) Highland Joy,

Ware

(b) Mary of Argyle,

Nelson

(c) Unfearing,

Huhn

MR. E. J. HILL.

Duet, A Day in Arcady,

Ware

MR. AND MRS. E. J. HILL.

Friday evening, the Seniors gave, in Odeon Hall, their reception which was largely attended, even if it was a rainy evening. Patronesses: Mrs. W. O. Straw, Mrs. A. E. Herrick and Miss Mary H. True. The reception was followed as usual by dancing.

THE VALUE OF PICTURES.

The world is full of beauty which many people hurry past or live in front of and do not see. There is a world of beauty in pictures, but it escapes the

notice of many, because, while they wish to see it, they do not know how.

The first necessity for the proper seeing of a picture is to try to see it through the eyes of the artist who painted it. This is not the usual method. Generally, people look only through their own eyes, and like or dislike a picture according as it does or does not suit their fancy. These people will tell you: "Oh! I don't know anything about painting, but I know what I like;" which is their way of saying: If I don't like it right off, I don't care to be bothered to like it at all.

Such an attitude of mind cuts one off from growth and development for it is as much as to say: "I am very well satisfied with myself, and quite indifferent to the experiences and feelings of others." Yet it is just this experience and feeling of another which a picture gives us. By considering a moment you may see why.

The world itself is a vast panorama and from it the painter selects his subjects, not to copy them exactly since it would be impossible for him to do this, even if he tried. How could he represent, for example, each blade of grass, each leaf upon a tree? So what he does is to represent the subject as he sees it, as it appeals to his sympathy or interest; and if twelve artists painted the same landscape, the result would be twelve different pictures, differing according to the way in which each man had been impressed by the scene. In fact according to his separate point of view influenced by his individual experience and feeling.

Therefore, since none of us can include in ourselves the whole range of possible experience and feeling, it is through the experience and feeling of others that we deepen and refine our own. It is this that we may look to pictures to accomplish for us.

WEDDINGS.

CHAPMAN—BROWN.

On the evening of Oct. 27, 1915, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Brown was the scene of one of the prettiest of weddings, when their daughter, Mildred Angier Brown, was united in marriage to Arthur Vincent Chapman. The house was decorated with evergreen and flowers and alive with warm-hearted merry faced guests. At 8 o'clock the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march from "Midsummer Night's Dream," played by Miss Methel Packard, a classmate of the bride, floated softly out through the rooms and in hushed expectancy the guests waited, as down the stairs came the bridal party. Adelmarr Brown, the bride's brother, as best man, accompanied the groom, preceding the maid of honor, Miss Iona Tibbetts, then came the bride leaning on the arm of her father. They took their places in a bower of green boughs and garlands of evergreens and over them swung a snowy white wedding bell.

Rev. W. C. Curtis performed the ceremony which was very beautiful, the double ring service being used. After the benediction was given and as friends gathered closer to offer congratulations, two young girls dressed in light blue stole softly to either side of the bower and suddenly above the wedding pair sweet toned bells pealed merrily forth as the roguish maidens manipulated the ribbons with nimble fingers. The bride was beautifully gowned in white net with satin ribbons and garnitures of white satin roses. Her bouquet was of bridal roses. The maid of honor wore pale blue silk and carried pink roses. The groom and best man wore conventional black. The Misses Katherine Brown and Clare Mason in light blue and Miss Effie Sum-

ner in white dress with pink ribbons acted as ushers adding a pleasing note of harmony again as they moved gracefully among the guests and helped to serve the dainty refreshments while Miss Mildred Chapman presided over a snowy table and helped all to delicious punch. The bride's gift to her maid of honor was a friendship ring—a ruby set in pearls, and to Miss Packard she gave a crescent brooch set with a pearl. The groom's gift to the best man was a scarf pin, a diamond set in pearls.

The wedding presents were many and very beautiful, consisting of fine linen, cut glass, silver, rugs, pictures, everything a young housekeeper would like to have, even to the nicest of kitchen utensils, and over one hundred dollars in money.

As the young couple made ready for their departure there was much merriment and much rice and confetti flying about, but a spirit of love and friendship prevailed.

Mrs. Chapman is well known here in Bethel, being a graduate of Gould's Academy in the class of 1910, and since then she has been a very successful teacher.

Mr. Chapman is a native of Bethel but received his education in Massachusetts, and is a graduate of Abington High School. He has been employed at Locke's Mills for some time. They will be at home after Dec. 1, at Mechanic Falls on a farm recently purchased. The good wishes of a large circle of friends go with them as they take up their life's work together.

Among out of town guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Knight and the Misses Mildred and Florence Chapman of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wardwell of Albany, Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Bryant of Locke's Mills, Mrs. C. A. Price and Master Robert Price of Peabody, Mass.

RICHARDSON—MANSEL.

A very quiet wedding took place at St. James' Episcopal rectory in Old Town on Saturday, Oct. 9, at 7 o'clock in the evening, when Miss Susa Frances Mansell of Old Town, and Alton Willard Richardson of Bethel, were united in marriage by the Rev. Fr. Scott of Brownville. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Vinette W. Mansell, as maid of honor, and the groom by Albert L. Robinson, a fraternity brother. The bride is one of Old Town's accomplished young women and is very successful in her profession, having graduated from the McLean Training School for Nurses in Boston. Mr. Richardson is a graduate of the University of Maine in the class of 1906, a member of Theta Chi fraternity. He was prominent in all college circles and after post graduate work, was head of the Agricultural department at the Oliver Ames High School. At the beginning of the present college year, he became head of the Poultry division in the department of Animal Industry, succeeding Prof. Eric N. Boland, who resigned to become a member of the faculty at Massachusetts Agricultural College. Both young people have many friends in this section, who will unite in wishing them much happiness. They will reside on Stillwater Avenue.

CONROY—SWAN.

A most charming wedding was that of Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 15, when Miss Sylvia Esther Swan became the wife of Mr. Dellison Cressy Conroy. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Swan, in the presence of the immediate relatives and a few friends, by the Rev. W. C. Curtis, the single ring service being used.

The bridal party entered the room

to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin, played by Miss Bertha Cole. The groom attended by his brother-in-law, Mr. Elmon Jordan, waited at a bower of evergreen with a profusion of white asters intermingled. The bride entered on the arm of her father preceded by her matron-of-honor, Mrs. Ellen Conroy Jordan. The bride's gown was white net with trimmings of lace medallions in bolero effect, and ruchings of satin taffeta, she carried an arm bouquet of bridal roses. Mrs. Jordan was gowned in pale green crepe de Chine with chiffon trimmings and carried pale pink roses.

A ring set with a beautiful Maine gem was the gift from the groom to the bride. To his best man the groom presented a friendship circle scarf pin of solid gold. The bride's gift to her matron-of-honor was a solid gold brooch set with sapphire and pearls.

The decorations were unusually beautiful. The balustrade of the stairway was covered with evergreen, and purple and lavender asters. The bower and other decorations in the parlor represented the graduating class colors of the bride, green and white. In the dining room the electrolier was wound with the G. A. school colors, blue and gold, with streamers to the corners of the dining table, and the color scheme was further carried out in bouquets of golden rod and wild blue asters. In the sitting room the floral decorations were of pink and white asters.

The many wedding gifts displayed, of cut glass, sterling silver, linen, checks, gold coin, etc., testified to the high esteem in which these young people are held.

The day had a double significance for the bride, it being also her birthday.

Soon after the bride had cut the wedding cake for the guests, and while all were enjoying the delicious refresh-

ments of punch, wafers, ice cream and cake, the bride and groom fled to parts unknown.

The going away gown was of dark blue serge with tan silk trimmings, and black velvet picture hat with maline and velvet butterfly trimmings.

Mr. Conroy is a graduate of Mechanic Falls High School and for some time has been the popular clerk in Bosserman's drug store. Mrs. Conroy is a graduate of Gould's Academy, class of 1913 and is counted among Bethel's favorite daughters. They will reside in rooms already furnished up stairs at the home of the bride's parents.

Out of town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Conroy, Minot; Mrs. George Swan, East Bethel, and Mrs. O. W. Brown, Locke's Mills.

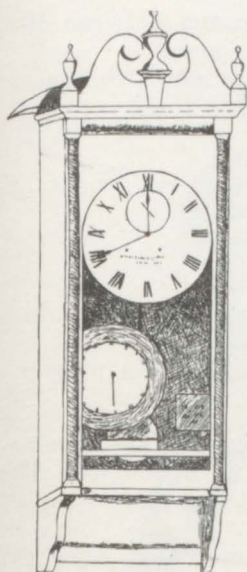
SENIOR PICNIC.

On Oct. twenty-third a party of fourteen, composed of Gould's Academy Seniors and their friends, left Bethel on the morning train for a day's outing at Locke's Mills. Through the kindness of Mrs. Sloan, "Camp Outside In" was obtained for the day. Despite the very cold weather and rough water, South Pond proved to be very attractive. Bryant's Pond was also explored for pond lilies. All attended the "movies" in the evening, and returned home on the late train.

The members of the Senior class hereby wish to thank Miss Pratt, who was one of us, and who so kindly assisted in our plans.

A good time was enjoyed by all and we are hoping to go again in the near future.

One of the Party.



Under
The
School
Clock

“Très Petit.”

* * * *

“What say? What say?”

* * * *

Chicken-pox! Chicken-pox!

* * * *

“Don’t get syllable!”

* * * *

“Who’s got a match?”

* * * *

A steed! a steed! of matchless speed!
Gretchen!

* * * *

Sweet conclusions—those made at
the door.

* * * *

Miss Pratt in Eng. History—“What
else did Alfred do for the church?”

Miss M. E. H.—“Oh, I know! he
made the ten commandments.”

* * * *

Girls, hold on to your hatpins! The
Seniors need all the points they can
get.

Miss Pratt in French II—“What
sort of a man is John, Miss Gunther?”

We wondered why Alice blushed.

* * * *

Miss F. C. in Eng. History—“But
Dunstan didn’t carry out many re-
forms after his death, did he?”

* * * *

Mr. Rand calling the roll in Jr. Al-
gebra—“Miss Gunther is ——.”

Miss K. (speaking quickly)—“No,
Miss Kilgore, Irene Kilgore.”

* * * *

Miss Whitmore in English III—
“How great a man was Hamilton?”

Mr. I.—“The book said that he was
a small, undersized man.”

* * * *

One of Gould’s bashful lovers said
to his little “Tootsy Wootsy” one very
cloudy night, “Video stellas in varo
caelo.” She being a scholar, thought
he must have bumped his head.

* * * *

Miss Pratt in Eng. History—“Was
Robert of Normandy killed in the first
crusade?”

Miss F. C.—“Well, I don’t know,
but he came back anyway.”

* * * *

Those who go down to meet the late
train on Sunday nights ought to re-
member that they are expected to car-
ry up a suit case. If in doubt of this
statement consult G. P.

* * * *

Poor Mr. Perrichon has been taken
apart again, this time by Mr. Wilson.

* * * *

We notice that some of the boys are
studying the Civil War period and are
now much interested in the capture of
Richmond.

Mr. M. translating Cicero—"Quis parricida—What parasite?"

* * * *

Miss Pratt in French I—"Qui est jolie?"

Mr. V. F. H.—"Mademoiselle Pratt est jolie."

* * * *

Young men must remember that they are not expected to appropriate more than one lady at a time.

* * * *

Mr. I. in Chemistry—"If lightning struck the ocean would chlorine be evolved?"

* * * *

"This color scheme is trying,"

Miss Park has often said.

"Although I'm very fond of Brown, I just adore my Red."

* * * *

Seven Modern Wonders of Gould's Academy:—

A Blue-eyed Bean.

Virgil and Homer.

Head of Paul.

A perfect Ruby.

A Knight (night) that is never dark.

An Eagle that never soars.

A limitless Park.

* * * *

Mr. Hanscom in Senior Geometry—"What are the legs of a triangle?"

Miss F. C.—"The ones it stands on."

* * * *

We notice that Mr. Norton is spending some of his superfluous push behind a baby carriage. You are a fine nursemaid, Ferny.

* * * *

What fruit is abundant in the assembly room at recess periods?

Ans.—Very soft pairs (pears.)

* * * *

Why is the Sophomore class like a hemlock tree?

Ans.—Because it is evergreen.

What is the difference between Miss G-nt-er and a little mouse?

Ans.—Because one harms the cheese and the other charms the hes.

* * * *

What is Miss C-mm-ngs favorite expression?

Ans.—"By George."

* * * *

Why is Miss Whitmore like a sailboat?

Ans.—Because she trails a painter.

* * * *

Echoes from French III.—Mundt—(La révolte de 5 et 6 octobre) The women had a revolt and stayed out all night.

(Ils se montraient aux fenetres) They climbed up the windows.

* * * *

A toast served in the girls kitchen:

Our eyes have met,

Our lips, not yet;

But—here's hoping.

* * * *

What is the difference between a girl and an apple?

Ans.—One you squeeze to get cider and the other you get cider (side her) to squeeze.

* * * *

What is Miss H-rr-ck's favorite music?

Ans.—Hims. (Hymns.)

* * * *

Why is Mr. M-n-t so vivacious of late?

Ans.—Because he is Annie-mated. (Animated.)

* * * *

Miss Chapman reading a description of the prioress in Chaucer's "Prologue"—Amyable as to port. "Does that mean that she liked port?"



ATHLETICS.

BASEBALL.

Gould's Academy baseball team was able to play only four of its scheduled games last season; the rest had to be cancelled on account of rain. While the team did not win many games, some individual plays were good and prospects for next season are fairly bright. The first game was at Norway where Gould's was severely beaten. No detailed score of this game is available.

The next game was with Mechanic Falls at Bethel. Gould's won in the fifth inning when five hits and three errors by Mechanic Falls gave them six runs.

The score:

GOULD'S.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Robertson, c.,	4	1	1	7	1	1
Chapman, 2b.,	3	1	1	0	0	1
Hayford, 3b.,	4	2	2	1	2	1
Howe, p.,	4	2	2	4	8	1
Small, 1b.,	4	1	2	12	1	3
Young, ss.,	4	1	2	2	1	2
Norton, lf.,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Cole, rf.,	4	0	0	0	0	0
Kendall, cf.,	2	0	0	0	0	0
Hutchins, cf.,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	34	8	10	27	13	9

MECHANIC FALLS,	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Millet, c., ss.,	5	0	1	3	3	2
Spiller, 2b.,	5	0	0	1	2	0
Tracy, 3b.,	5	2	2	3	0	0
Woodsum, p.,	5	1	2	2	2	1
Lamb, 1b.,	4	0	1	8	0	0
MacDonald, cf.,	5	0	0	1	0	0
Fifield, lf.,	3	0	0	1	0	0
Goss, lf.,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Charles, ss., c.,	3	0	0	2	1	0
Chipman, rf.,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	40	3	6	22	8	3

*Young and Cole out, hit by batted ball.

Earned runs: Gould's, 2; Mechanic Falls, 2. Two-base hit, Hayford. First base on balls: off Howe, 2; Woodsum, 4. Struck out: by Howe, 5; Woodsum, 6. Left on bases: Mechanic Falls, 11; Gould's, 5. Wild pitch: Woodsum. First base on errors: Mechanic Falls, 6; Gould's, 2.

Gould's played Oxford on the Alumni Field at Bethel, May 22. Although defeated Gould's played a good game, the pitching of Howe being a feature.

The score:

GOULD'S.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Robertson, c.,	4	0	1	9	3	0
Chapman, 2b.,	4	0	0	2	2	1
Hayford, 3b.,	4	1	1	1	2	1
Howe, p.,	4	0	0	0	5	0
Thurston, 1b., ss.,	4	0	0	10	1	1

Young, ss, rf.,	1	0	0	2	0	4	Hosmer, lf.,	2	1	1	0	0	0
Bean, cf.,	4	0	1	0	0	0	Brooks, rf.,	4	0	1	0	0	0
Norton, lf.,	3	0	0	0	2	0	Crandallmere, ss.,	3	2	0	2	1	1
Cole, rf.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	Shepard, lb.,	5	1	0	13	2	4
Small, lb.,	2	0	0	3	0	0	Andrews, 2b.,	5	1	0	3	5	2
*Hutchinson,	1	0	0	0	0	0	Bethel, cf.,	5	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	Haskell, 3b.,	4	0	1	1	2	0
Totals,	32	1	3	27	15	7	Smith, c.,	3	1	1	7	6	0

OXFORD.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Twitchell, lb.,	4	2	0	12	0	0
Smith, cf.,	4	1	0	0	0	1
Walker, c.,	4	1	1	12	3	1
Hamlin, ss.,	5	1	1	1	3	1
Martin, 3b.,	5	0	0	2	1	1
J. Kay, p.,	4	0	1	0	4	2
Gammon, rf.,	4	1	0	0	1	0
C. Kay, 2b.,	4	1	0	0	5	0
Pottle, lf.,	4	0	1	0	0	0

Totals, 38 7 4 27 17 6

Two-base hits: Hamlin, Hayford. First base on balls: off Howe, 3; off Kay, 4. Struck out: by Howe, 8; by Kay, 9. Wild pitch, Howe. Left on bases: Gould's, 9; Oxford, 7. Umpires: Stanley and Chapman.

*Batted for Norton in 9th.

On June 5, Norway played the return game at Bethel. The game was fast and interesting, the score being a tie until the seventh inning when Norway scored three runs and won the game.

The score:

GOULD'S.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Robertson, 3b.,	4	1	2	2	1	2
Chapman, 2b.,	4	1	1	1	1	1
Thurston, c.,	4	0	2	12	1	0
Howe, p.,	4	0	0	0	2	0
Young, ss.,	4	1	0	0	3	1
Small, lb.,	3	0	0	7	0	1
Bean, cf.,	3	0	0	0	0	0
Norton, lf.,	4	0	0	4	0	0
Cole, rf.,	3	0	0	0	0	0

Totals, 33 3 5 26 8 5

NORWAY.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Klain, p.,	5	1	2	1	4	0
Sanderson, lf.,	2	0	0	0	0	0

Totals, 38 7 6 27 20 7

Two-base hit: Thurston. Struck out: by Klain, 6; by Howe, 11. Bases on balls: off Klain, 3; off Howe, 7. Left on bases: Gould's, 7; Norway, 10. Umpire, Arno.

BASKETBALL.

Basketball practice began early this year and all the boys were out working hard to form a first class team to represent Gould's. Charles Small was secured as coach to help out during the early season and with his aid the team has been developing fast. Chapman and Roy Cummings of last year's team were back and with Young, Mundt and Ray Cummings from last year's second team made up the first team. Harry Young was unanimously chosen captain and has made a fine leader. The schedule although not yet complete includes games with Norway Berlin, Rumford and other towns in this part of the country.

NORWAY 20, GOULD'S 15.

The first game was played at Norway, Nov. 12. Gould's outweighed Norway but the Norway boys were used to the slippery floor and showed the more aggressiveness. Andrews and Hall starred for Norway while Chapman and Ray Cummings excelled for Gould's.

NORWAY.

Andrews, lf.,

Evers, rf.,

Bartlett, c.,

Hall, rb.,

Klain, lb.,

GOULD'S

lf., Young

rf., Chapman

c., Mundt

rb., Cummings, Roy

lb., Cummings, Ray

Goals from floor: Andrews 4, Evers 1, Bartlett 1, Hall 4, Young 1, Chapman 3, Ray

Cummings 3. Goals from fouls: Young 1.

Referee, Small. Time, 20—20.

GOULD'S 26, BERLIN 23.

November 20, Gould's met Berlin High School at the G. A. gymnasium. The game was fast and exceptionally clean. The score was close, neither team ever being more than five points in the lead. At the end of the first half the score was 14 to 13 in favor of Berlin. In the second half the Gould's team came into its own and by playing the best basket ball shown by a Gould's team for many years, literally swept the visitors off their feet and won the game. Young and Chapman starred for Gould's, while Kailey and Powers did good work for the visitors.

GOULD'S.

Young, lf.,

Chapman, rf.,

Mundt, c.,

Cummings, Ray, lb.,

Cummings, Roy, rb.,

BERLIN

lf., Rogers

rf., Kailey

c., Powers

lb., Stafford

rb., Babson

lb., Snyder, sub.

Goals from floor: Kailey 3, Rogers 1, Powers 3, Snyder 1, Babson 2, Young 4, Chapman 4, Mundt 2, Ray Cummings 1. Goals from fouls: Powers 3, Young 4. Referee, Small. Scorer, Pratt. Timer, Rand. Time, 20—20.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The girls' basketball team was not called out until after the mid-term examinations. The girls have practiced

only three times so far, the first time being November 15. There are fourteen playing, eight of them Freshmen. There is promising material and we expect to develop a good team later in the season. No games have been arranged as yet.

THE SMALLEST PAINTING IN THE WORLD.

Mr. Schultz, a landscape artist living in Camden, N. J., is said to have produced the smallest oil painting in the world. He was a student of Charles E. Wise, who suggested to him the idea of painting a picture upon a grain of corn. Even the grain of corn has a history for it was grown on the estate of James Buchanan, the thirteenth president of the United States, whose home was at Wheatland, in Lancaster, Pa. When Mr. Buchanan died, Mr. Schultz went to Wheatland to attend the funeral of the ex-president; and as a memento, picked up an ear of corn while walking about the estate.

At first Mr. Schultz thought he would paint the portrait of Mr. Buchanan but finding the task too difficult, undertook the scenic miniature in which he was successful. This required nearly a year of patient work and the young artist, then only nineteen, wasted nearly every grain of the ear before he succeeded. Artist Wise declared it to be a masterpiece of miniature painting and sent it to Europe, where it traveled from one art center to another for nearly half a century, apparently lost to Mr. Schultz, until it was located through an advertisement and returned to him from Berlin, Germany.



EXCHANGES.

The Academy Herald, Gould's Academy, Bethel, Maine, acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

"The Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine.

"The Sentinel," High School, Daytona, Florida.

"The Scroll," Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, Maine.

"Washingtonia," Washington State Normal School, Machias, Maine.

"The Colbiana," Colby College, Waterville, Maine.

"The Nautilus," High School, Waterville, Maine.

"The Clarion," Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Maine.

"The Oracle," Edward Little High School, Auburn, Maine.

"The Academy Echo," Freedom Academy, Freedom, Maine.

"The Comet," High School, Orono, Maine.

"The Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine.

GEORGE AND HIS FATHER.

"I've chopped the tree down," George cried,

"It's been my heart's desire!"

"And now you'll chop it up, my son,

Or else your Dad's a liar."

A HANDY SUBSTITUTE.

"John," asked Mary, "what is a synonym?"

"A synonym," said John, "is the word you use when you can't spell the other one."

The difference between a woman and an umbrella is that you can shut up an umbrella.

Pat—"Mike, what are you doing now?"

Mike—"I'm a diamond cutter."

Pat—"What kind of a job is that?"

Mike—"I cut the grass around a base ball field."

"What is a chafing dish, Edith?"

"Oh, it's a frying pan that has got into society."

Teacher—"Johnny, compare the adjective 'bad'."

Johnny—"Bad, bum, rotten."

BEFORE EXAMS.

Lord, God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget! lest we forget!

AFTER EXAMS.

Lord, God of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot! for we forgot!

Let us say it again! It's not what the opportunity brings to you—but what you bring to the opportunity—that makes it a turning point to success or failure.

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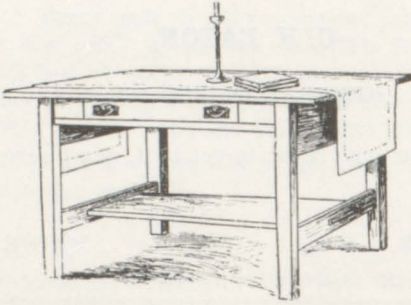
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